

# Peninsula Enterprise.

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ACCOMAC C. H., VA., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 25 1897

NUMBER 12

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Will be at Court House Wednesdays  
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Practices in the courts of Accomac  
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a general way has enabled me to fit  
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those who were nearsighted (Myopia),  
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was obliged to refer the customer to a  
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business that I could not do properly,  
I determined to study Refraction. I  
secured the best works on that subject,  
"Hartridge on Refraction," by  
Gustavus Hartridge, F. R. C. S., a  
well recognized authority on Optics  
and Refraction, and these I studied  
well. I also attended lectures at the  
New York Optical School last fall,  
and bought the best quality testing  
case and outfit at \$100, and feel justified  
in making the announcement that, I am  
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the vision of almost any eye, and  
all conditions of the eye where  
glasses are needed. The liberal patronage  
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sixteen years I have been in business  
here encourages me to enter this new  
field in connection with my regular  
business, and believe my customers  
will be glad to know that they can get  
PROPERLY FITTED GLASSES  
without the trouble and expense of  
going to the city. No charges at  
present for examination of eyes.  
Glasses ground to order in New York  
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Those coming from a distance would  
be well to notify me by card.  
Respectfully,  
Jno. W. Duncan,  
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ACCOMAC C. H., VA.  
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Have paid for losses in Accomac  
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A dollar saved is a dollar made  
if so, write to the  
Notice.  
On December 26, 1896, I closed  
out my entire stock of vehicles.  
I now have a new stock of the  
latest improved  
CARRIAGES AND WAGONS,  
at the lowest prices. The number  
of vehicles I purchased enables  
me to be up to the times in  
styles and prices. Another car  
of Buggies will arrive at an early  
date. I also carry a full line of  
BURIAL SUPPLIES.  
Black cloth, white velvet and  
polished coffins and caskets,  
trimmings and prices to suit all.  
White hearse for burial of the  
young. I solicit a share of your  
patronage as in the past.

A. W. LILLISTON, Onancock, Va.  
We fully recognize this is the age  
of low prices. Our stock is  
complete, in fact we are in a much  
better position to give prices than  
ever before offered. We know  
can make it to your advantage to  
deal with us, and all we want is the  
opportunity. Please bear in mind  
that we handle everything in the  
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—Line, such as—  
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NOTICE.  
S. C. BARNES  
has opened his  
Wheelwright and Harness Shop,  
combined, at  
PARKSLEY, VA.  
City and country made Har-  
ness kept constantly on hand—  
also Cart Saddles—all cheap for  
cash.  
Horse Carts and repairing  
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promptly attended to  
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—DEALERS IN—  
FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES,  
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Non-resident pupils can board in the  
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Terms for tuition very reasonable.  
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FRANK P. BRENT,  
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PIANOS,  
Organs, Sewing,  
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Embracing the Leading Makes.  
Pianos, \$175 and up.  
Organs, \$35 and up.  
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Prices to suit the times. We defy  
competition on cheap for cash or  
easy terms. Call on or write to  
S. C. McGRATH,  
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Proprietor of Hotel Barnes.  
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tion given to every branch of  
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And always to  
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Baby Carriages,  
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City and Suburban cars pass th-  
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Look us up, it will pay you.  
Represented by  
F. A. Davis & Co.,  
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TOBACCO and FINE CIGARS.  
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## TO SHINE AS STARS.

HOW THE CHRISTIAN WORKERS WILL  
BE REWARDED ABOVE.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon Full of  
Hope For Discouraged Tolerators in the  
Lord's Vineyard—Christian Constella-  
tions That Will Beam on Forever.

Washington, Sept. 19.—This dis-  
course flashes a bright light into the life  
of Christian workers and offers a sub-  
lime hope for all those who are discour-  
aged in their attempts to do good. Dr.  
Talmage's text is Daniel xii. 3, "They  
that turn many to righteousness shall  
shine as the stars forever and ever."  
Every man has a thousand roots and  
a thousand branches. His roots reach  
down through all the centuries. His  
branches spread through all the heavens.  
He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand,  
with foot. His silence often is loud as  
thunder, and his life is a dirge or a dox-  
ology. There is no such thing as negative  
influence. We are all positive in the  
place we occupy, making the world  
better or making it worse, on the Lord's  
side or on the devil's, making up rea-  
sons for our blessedness or our punish-  
ment, and we have already done work in  
populating heaven or hell. I hear people tell  
of what they are going to do. A man  
who has turned down a city into a street  
of hell, will be expected to do, or a man  
who has saved an empire might as well  
talk of saving a dime. He expects to do  
it. By the force of your evil  
influence you have already consumed  
infinite values, or you have by the power  
of a right influence won whole king-  
doms for God.

It would be absurd for me, by obli-  
vion, to argue, to prove that the world  
is off the track. You might as well  
stand at the foot of an embankment,  
amid the creek of a capsize, and try to  
prove by elaborate argument that  
something is out of order. Adam tumbled  
out of the embankment 60 centuries  
ago, and the whole race, in one long  
train, has gone on tumbling in the same  
direction. Crash! Crash! The only ques-  
tion now is, by what leverage can the  
crashed thing be lifted? By what ham-  
mer may the fragments be reconstructed?  
I want to show you how we may  
turn many to righteousness and what  
will be our future pay for so doing.

Charm of a Right Example.  
First, we may turn them by the  
charm of a right example. A child com-  
ing from a filthy home was taught at  
school to wash its face. It went home  
so much improved in appearance that  
its mother washed her face, and when  
the father of the household came home  
and saw the improvement in domestic  
appearance he washed his face. The  
neighbors, happening in, saw the change  
and tried the same experiment, until  
all that street was purified, and the next  
street copied its example, and the whole  
city felt the result of one schoolboy  
washing his face. That is a fable by  
which we set forth that the best way to  
get the world washed of its sins and  
pollution is to have our own heart and  
life cleansed and purified. A man with  
grace in his heart and Christian cheer-  
fulness in his face and holy consistency  
in his behavior is a perpetual sermon,  
and the sermon differs from others in  
that it has but one head and the longer  
it runs the better.

There are honest men who walk down  
Wall street making the teeth of impi-  
rity chatter. There are happy men who  
go into a sickroom and by a look help  
the broken bone to knit and the excited  
nerves drop to a calm beating. There  
are pure men whose presence silences  
the tongue of uncleanliness. The might-  
iest agent of good on earth is a consis-  
tent Christian. I like the Bible filled  
between hills of cloth or caskins or  
moose, but when a man goes out into  
the world a Bible illustrated. Courage is  
beautiful to read about, but rather  
would I see a man with all the world  
against him, confident as though all the  
world were for him. Patience is beau-  
tiful to read about, but rather would I  
see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for  
the time of deliverance. Faith is beau-  
tiful to read about, but rather would I  
find a man in the midnight walking  
straight on as though he saw every-  
thing. Oh, how many souls have been  
turned to God by the charm of a bright  
example!

When, in the Mexican war, the  
troops were wavering, a general rose in  
his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's  
lines, shouting, "Men, follow me!"  
They, seeing his courage and disposi-  
tion, dashed on after him and gained  
the victory. What men want to rally  
them for God is an example to lead  
them. All your commands to others to  
advance amount to nothing, as long as  
you stay behind. To affect them right  
you need to start for heaven yourself,  
looking back only to give the stirring  
cry of "Men, follow!"

The Power of Prayer.  
Again, we may turn many to right-  
eousness by prayer. There is no such  
detective as prayer, for no one can hide  
away from it. It puts its hand on the  
shoulder of a man 10,000 miles off.  
It lights on a ship midatlantic. The  
little child cannot understand the law  
of electricity or how the telegraph op-  
erator, by touching the instrument here,  
advances a message to the sea to  
another continent, nor can we, with  
our small intellect, understand how the  
touch of a Christian's prayer shall in-  
stantly strike a soul on the other side  
of the earth. You take ship and go to  
some other country and get there at 11  
o'clock in the morning. You telegraph  
to America and the message gets here  
at 6 o'clock the same morning. In other  
words, it seems to arrive here five hours  
before it started. Like that is prayer.  
God says, "Before they are called,  
I hear." To overtake a loved one on the  
road you may spur up a lathered steed  
until he shall outpace the one that  
brought the news to Gallat. A prayer  
shall catch it at one gallop. A boy  
running away from home may take  
the midnight train from the country  
village and reach the seaport in time to  
gain the ship that sails on the morrow,  
but a mother's prayer will be on the  
deck to meet him, and in the hammock  
before he swings into it, and at the cap-  
tain's before he winds the rope around  
and on the sea, against the sky, as the  
revels play on toward it. There is a  
magnificence in prayer. George Muller  
prayed a company of poor boys to-  
gether, and then he prayed up an asy-  
lum in which they might be sheltered.  
He turned his face toward Edinburgh  
and prayed and there came £1,000. He

turned his face toward London and  
prayed and there came £1,000. He  
turned his face toward Dublin and  
prayed and there came £1,000. The  
baptism of Elijah's prayer blew all the  
clouds off the sky, and it was dry  
weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer  
blew all the clouds together, and it was  
wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time,  
walked the cave as a lion tamer. It  
reached up and took the sun by its gold-  
en bit and stopped it and the moon by  
its silver bit and stopped it.

We have all yet to try the full power  
of prayer. The time will come when  
the American church will pray with its  
face toward the west and all the patri-  
archies and inland cities will surrender to  
God and will pray with face toward the  
sea, and all the islands and ships will  
become Christian. Parents who have  
warded sons will get down on their  
knees and say, "Lord, send my boy  
home," and the boy in Canton will get  
right up from the gaming table and go  
down to find out which ship starts first  
for America.

None Knows How to Pray.  
Not one of us yet knows how to pray.  
All we have done as yet has only been  
pottering. A boy gets hold of his fa-  
ther's saw and hammer and tries to  
make something, but it is a poor affair.  
The father comes and takes the same  
saw and hammer and builds the house or  
the ship. In the childhood of our Christian  
faith we make poor work with these weapons  
of prayer, but when we come to the  
stature of men in Christ Jesus then, un-  
der these implements, the temple of  
God will rise and the world's redemption  
will be launched. God cares not for  
the length of our prayers, or the beauty  
of our prayers, but it is the heart that  
counts. We may turn many to right-  
eousness by prayer, but when we come to  
the stature of men in Christ Jesus then,  
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the length of our prayers, or the beauty  
of our prayers, but it is the heart that  
counts.

Again, Christian workers shall be  
like the stars in the firmament. They  
have a light independent of each other. Look  
up at the night and see each world  
show its distinct glory. It is not like  
the configuration, in which you cannot  
tell where one flame stops and another  
begins. Neptune, Mars, Mercury and  
Venus are as distinct as if each one of them  
were the only star. So our individualism  
will not be lost in heaven. A great  
multitude, yet each one as observable,  
as distinct as the sun, as greatly cele-  
brated, as if in all the space, from gate  
to gate and from hill to hill, he were  
the only inhabitant—no mixing up, no  
mob, no indiscriminate rush, each  
Christian worker standing out illustri-  
ously, all the story of earthly achieve-  
ment adhering to each one, his self de-  
tails and pains and services and vic-  
tories published.

Before men went out to the last war  
the orators told them that they would  
all be remembered by their country and  
their names be commemorated in poetry  
and in song. But go to the graveyard in  
Richmond, and you will find there  
6,000 graves, over each of which is the  
inscription, "Unknown." The world  
does not remember its heroes, but there  
will be no unrecognized Christian  
worker in heaven. Each one known by  
all—grandly known, known by accla-  
mation, all the past story of work for  
God gleaming in cheek and brow and  
foot and palm. They shall shine with  
distinct light as the stars forever and  
ever.

Family Circles of Stars.  
Again, Christian workers shall shine  
like the stars in clusters. In looking up  
you find the worlds in family circles.  
Brothers and sisters, they take hold of  
each other's hands and dance in groups.  
Orion in a group, The Pleiades in a  
group. The solar system is only a com-  
pany of children, with bright faces,  
gathered around one great fireplace.  
The worlds do not struggle off. They  
go in squadrons and fleets, sailing  
through immensity. So Christian work-  
ers in heaven will dwell in neighbor-  
hoods and clusters.

I am sure that some people I will  
like in heaven a great deal better than  
others. Younder is a constellation of  
stately Christians. They lived on earth  
by rigid rule. They never laughed.  
They walked every hour, anxious lest  
they should lose their dignity. But they  
loved God, and younder they shine in  
brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not  
need to get into that particular group.  
Younder is a constellation of small hearted  
Christians—asteroids in the eternal  
astronomy. While some souls go up  
from Christian battle and shine like  
Mars these asteroids dart a feeble ray  
like Vesta. Younder is a constellation of  
martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our  
souls as they go up to heaven will seek  
out the most congenial society.

Younder is a constellation almost  
merry with the play of light. On earth  
they were full of sympathies and songs  
and tears and raptures and congratulations.  
When they prayed, their words  
took fire, when they sang, the tones  
could not hold them; when they went  
over a world's woes, they sobbed as if  
heartbroken; when they worked for  
Christ, they flamed with enthusiasm.  
Younder they are circles of light, con-  
stellation of joy, galaxy of fire. Oh,  
that you and I, by that grace which can  
transform the worst into the best, might  
at last sail in the wake of that fleet and  
wheel in that glorious group as the  
stars forever and ever!

Again, Christian workers will shine  
like the stars in swiftness of motion.  
The worlds do not stop to shine. There  
are no fixed stars, save as to relative  
position. The stars apparently most  
thoroughly fixed, thousands of miles a  
minute. The astronomer, using his tele-  
scope for an alpenstock, leaps from  
world to world and finds no star  
standing still. The chamois hunter  
has to fly to catch his prey, but not so  
swift is his game as that which the sci-  
entist tries to shoot through the tower  
of observatory. Like perils midatlan-  
tic, they seem to come and go, and  
be bound to no landing place, flying,  
flying, as these great flocks of  
worlds rest not as they go, wing and  
wing, age after age, forever and ever.  
The eagle hastes to its prey, but we  
shall in speed beat the eagles. You have  
noticed the velocity of the swift horse  
under whose feet the miles slip like a  
smooth ribbon, and as he passes the  
four hoofs strike the earth in such quick  
beat, your pulses take the same vibra-  
tion, but all these things are not swift  
in comparison with the motion of which  
I speak. The moon moves 54,000 miles  
in a day. Younder Neptune flashes on  
11,000 miles in an hour. Younder Mer-  
cury goes 109,000 miles in an hour. So  
like the stars the Christian shall shine  
in swiftness of motion.

With the Speed of a Star.  
You hear now of father or mother  
or child sick 1,000 miles away, and it  
takes you two days to get to them. You  
hear of some case of suffering that de-  
mands your immediate attention, but it  
takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the  
joy when you start, in fulfillment of  
the text, take speedy and be equal to  
100,000 miles an hour! Having on  
earth got used to death strikes you  
will not quit when death strikes you.  
You will only take on more velocity.  
There is a dying child in London, and  
its spirit must be taken up to God. You  
are there in an instant to do it. There  
is a young man in New York to be ar-  
rested from going into that gate of sin.  
You are there in an instant to arrest  
him. Whether with spring of foot, or  
stroke of wing, or by the force of some  
new law that shall lead you to the spot  
where you would go, I know not, but  
my text suggests velocity. All space  
open before you, with nothing to hin-  
der you in mission of light and love  
and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of  
motion as the stars forever and ever.

Again, Christian workers, like the  
stars, shine in magnitude. The most il-  
lustrate man knows that these things in  
the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are  
great masses of matter. To weigh them  
one would think that it would re-  
quire scales with a pillar hundreds  
of thousands of miles high and chains hun-  
dreds of thousands of miles long, and  
at the bottom of the chains basins on

Lowell Mass.  
Fifty Years Ago.  
This is the cradle in which there grew  
That thought of a philanthropic brain;  
Remedy that would make life new  
For the multitudes that were racked  
with pain.  
'Twas sarsaparilla, as made, you know  
By Ayer, some 50 years ago.

was in its infancy half a cen-  
tury ago. To-day it doth "be-  
side the narrow world like a  
colossus." What is the secret  
of its power? Its cures! The  
number of them! The wonder  
of them! Imitators have fol-  
lowed it from the beginning of  
its success. They are still be-  
hind it. Wearing the only  
medal granted to sarsaparilla  
in the World's Fair of 1893,  
it points proudly to its record.  
Others imitate the remedy;  
they can't imitate the record.

50 Years of Cures.  
The largest electric sign in New Eng-  
land, that on the Washington street fa-  
cade of the New Grand theater, Boston,  
is composed of 1,000 incandescent  
lamps of 32 candle power each, and the  
letters which they make are four feet  
high. It took four men a month to  
make the sign, and it cost the company  
that erected it about \$5,000.

## THE REIGN WITHOUT END.

Lastly—and coming to this point my  
mind almost breaks down under the  
contemplation—like the stars, all Chris-  
tian workers shall shine in duration.  
The same stars that look down upon us  
looked down upon the Chaldean shep-  
herds. The meteor that I saw flashing  
across the sky the other night, I won-  
der if it was not the same one that  
descended down to where Jesus lay in the  
manger, and if, having pointed out his  
birthplace, it has ever since been wan-  
dering through the heavens, watching  
to see how the world would treat him.  
When Adam awoke in the garden in  
the cool of the day, he saw coming out  
through the dusk of the evening the  
same worlds that greeted us last night.

In independence hall is an old cracked  
bell that sounded the signature of the  
Declaration of Independence. You can-  
ding it now, but this great chime of  
silver bells that strike in the dome of  
night ring out as sweet a tone as when  
God swung them at the creation. Look  
up at night and know that the white  
lilies that bloom in all the hanging  
gardens of our King are century plants  
—not blooming once in 100 years, but  
through all the centuries. The star at  
which the mariner looks tonight was  
the light by which the ships of Tarshish  
were guided across the Mediterranean  
and the Venetian flotilla found its way  
into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright  
tonight as when, in ancient battle, the  
stars in their courses fought against  
Sisera.

To the ancients the stars were sym-  
bols of eternity. But here the figure of  
my text breaks down—not in defeat,  
but in the majesties of the judgment.  
The stars shall not shine forever.  
The Bible says they shall fall like autumn  
leaves. As when the connecting factory  
band slips at nightfall from the main  
wheel all the smaller wheels slacken  
their speed and with slower and slower  
motion they turn until they come to a  
full stop, so this great machinery of the  
universe, wheel within wheel, making  
revolution of appalling speed, shall, by  
the touch of God's hand, slip the band  
of present law and slacken and stop  
the mechanism. The chariots in which  
they ride shall halt suddenly, and the  
kings shall be thrown out. Star  
after star shall be carried out to burial  
amid funeral torches of burning worlds.  
Constellations shall throw ash on  
their heads, and all up and down the  
highways of space there shall be mourn-  
ing, mourning, mourning, because the  
worlds are dead. But the Christian  
workers shall never quit their thrones—  
they shall reign forever and ever.

The Last Eagle Call.  
The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has  
discovered that the last summons to  
battle in the civil war was a single call  
to charge given by Nathaniel Sisson  
on the field of Appomattox.

Mr. Sisson explained when the war  
broke out and at its close was a bigger  
under Custer. His regiment was in the  
saddle before day on the eventful 8th  
day of April and began to skirmish  
with the enemy. An hour later they  
reached the position from which the  
memorable call to charge was blown.

The next morning two of General  
Gordon's aides rode out in advance of the  
column. One of them carried a towel  
fastened to a musket. General Gordon  
stated afterward that the towel was  
soiled and ragged; but, old and torn as  
it was, it carried a message of peace to  
the whole country.

General Custer, seeing this flag of  
truce, halted his charging column and  
rode alone to the tent of the Confed-  
erate general. When he came out, he said  
to General Kapellart, uncovering his  
head, "General Lee is treating for cap-  
itulation."

The war was over.  
The men nearest to him caught the  
quiet words and burst into a frenzied  
cheer. They were men who had fought  
bravely, but who thanked God now  
that the war was ended. The cheer  
swept down the valley, and the hills  
shook with the shout which meant  
peace.

Let us hope that Nathaniel Sisson's  
bugle call to battle on that April morn-  
ing was the last that shall ever summon  
brother to charge against brother in  
this land of ours.

Wales Licensed to Give Pills.  
The Prince of Wales, at the last  
meeting of the Royal College of Physi-  
cians, having been solemnly elected a  
member of that august body, from now  
on his right the conscience medical  
authorities. It is hardly necessary to  
say that England's future king under-  
stands little or nothing about medicine  
and that his lordship of medicine as  
well as his breast as a physician is only  
of an honorary character.—Chicago  
Record.

A bricklayer can lay about 1,500 or  
1,600 joints in a day of 10 hours where  
the joints are left rough, about 1,000  
per day when both faces have to be  
worked fair and not more than 500 a  
day when carefully jointed and faced  
with picked bricks of a uniform color.

There are insects which pass several  
years in the preparatory states of ex-  
istence and finally, when perfect, live but  
a few hours.

## POLLY'S DANDER UP.

Inflamed at Sight of an Offensive Bird a  
Visitor Wore on Her Hat.

A bridal couple who put in several  
days recently taking in the sights of  
the capital enjoyed themselves im-  
mensely until the day preceding their  
departure. It then occurred to the bride  
that she had not called upon "dear  
Fanny," who had been her chum dur-  
ing her days at the seminary. Now,  
Fanny was still enjoying single blessed-  
ness, and this may have had something  
to do with the anxiety of the bride to  
call upon her maiden chum. George de-  
mureddly, but at last consented to  
pay a formal call. The bride dressed  
herself in a fetching gown and placed  
upon her saucy head a Parisian dream  
in the way of a hat. The hat was one  
of those indescribable creations of the  
milliner's art, a mass of flowers with a  
bird or two partially concealed in the  
foliage, so to speak.

The pair went gayly forth and in a  
hotel coupe were soon at the door of  
Fanny's residence. Their cards were  
taken and they were ushered into the  
drawing room. While awaiting the  
coming of her friend the bride's atten-  
tion was attracted to a large cage con-  
taining a splendid parrot. She chirruped  
cooingly to the imprisoned bird and  
wished she might take him out of his  
cage and caress him. George remarked  
that he looked tame enough and sug-  
gested the opening of the door of the  
cage. Sailing action to the word, he  
opened the door and the released bird  
calmly walked forth and strutted  
about, blinking his beady eyes know-  
ingly. The bride, with usual calls of  
"Polly, pretty Polly!" coaxed the bird to-  
ward her, and polli proceeded to climb  
up the rounds of the chair upon which  
the lady was sitting and perched herself  
upon the arm of the chair. The parrot  
uttered guttural cries of "Polly, Polly,"  
this word seemingly comprising her en-  
tire vocabulary.

The bird accepted the caresses, and  
apparently all was serene, but without  
an instant's warning she uttered a  
scream of rage and flew at the lady's  
headgear, alighting fairly thereon, and  
then for a few minutes the air was filled  
with flying feathers and bits of flowers,  
while the atmosphere was fractured by  
screams from the bride and disor-  
derly cries from the parrot. George at-  
tempted to come to the rescue and had  
his face badly scratched for his pains.  
The lady finally shook the bird loose  
from the flower garden she was wear-  
ing upon her hat and made one wild  
dash for the front door, followed closely  
by the bridegroom. Once on the pave-  
ment, they became somewhat composed  
and determined to return to their hotel  
to repair damages. They did not tarry  
long enough to see "dear Fanny."

The sudden wrath of the bird was  
evidently caused, George thought upon  
the fact that during calmer moments, by  
the fact that amid the flowers in his  
wife's hat there nestled a scuffed Caro-  
line parakeet, the parrot took to be  
a real live rival and proceeded forth-  
with to demolish. The bride is  
now a thorough convert to the teach-  
ings of the Audubon society.—Wash-  
ington Post.

Heirs Afraid of a Bomb.  
By way of illustrating the nervous-  
ness which the recent explosions have  
revived here, a queer adventure which  
has just befallen the heirs of a house  
owner may be mentioned. They had  
met at the dwelling of their departed  
uncle for the purpose of drawing up an  
inventory of his effects in company  
with a